

WILDFLOWERS.

Scarcely known by name, they lie the ground with motley colors, starry forms, in them the sunset skies are found. That follow after storms; And blurs of crimson, blue and gold Their graceful challenges enfold. While the dead leaves piled and pent Humbly they live and die content.

Huge oaks above them lift their heads And drop the acorn, shed the leaf, The harvest field far round them sheds Plenty in many a sheaf. And they, half fragrant, brighten earth Low in the shadows where there's dearth Of pain or pleasure, love or life, Far from the world's mad, ceaseless strife.

They speak no message, act no part, They have no works to show. Deep hidden here they touch no heart And do not ask to know; Yet if one meet the eye of man It all unfolds the Master-plan—The Power that painted this fair bloom For man can have no futile dream.—Charles W. Stevenson, in N. Y. Observer.

TALE OF THE INDIAN MUTINY

By JUNGUL WALLAH

IN December, 1857, along with 20 members of my corps, I was deputed by Sir James Outram to go from the Alum-Bagh to Bune Bridge, a distance of 16 miles, for the purpose of ascertaining how the garrison at that place was getting on. Bune was the only position held by us on the main road between Cawnpore and the Alum-Bagh, which were 48 miles apart.

We got along very well until within two miles of Bune when a horde of mutinous cavalry suddenly appeared out of a tope (clump) of mango trees about a quarter of a mile off. The officer commanding the party decided at once that our only chance of escape was to make the most of the distance between us and the enemy's cavalry, and scuttle. So off we went at a hard gallop, making for Bune, followed up by the enemy in full pursuit. But, to cut this part of the story short, we out-paced them, got in safe and sound, and were entertained to our hearts' content by the garrison.

While we were enjoying our excellent supper the officer commanding at Bune sent an aide-de-camp to say that he had most urgent information for Sir John Inglis, commanding at Cawnpore, which he was anxious should be carried to him at once. The commanding officer said he was well aware it would never do to weaken Sir James Outram's force by detaching a number of men, and they would not get through the numerous vedettes the rebels had on the road; but he thought two of our men would probably succeed in sneaking past any obstructions they might encounter. Of course he was fully aware that the undertaking was a dangerous one; still, the risk must be taken. So it was settled that two of us were to go to Cawnpore. The task the officer commanding our party had to tackle was to select those two, as every man was anxious for the duty; but, being a long-headed fellow, he got over the difficulty by deciding that we should draw lots. This was done, and Sergt. Butler and I were what we considered the prize-drawers. Poor Butler! he had been recommended for the Victoria Cross; he never lived to obtain it, having died at the Alum Bagh in 1858 from the effects of a blow he received in the chest from a rebounding round shot.

At ten p. m. we left Bune, both of us having a duplicate of the dispatches, which were in cipher, rolled into small tin tubes. We got along all right for about eight miles. When we neared the town of Busseerutunge we saw by the glow of numerous fires that large parties of rebels were encamped on both flanks, and that the town was occupied by some of them, so we halted to consider what was to be done. The conclusion we arrived at was that there would be no use in trying to get round either flank, as we did not know the country, and the town was surrounded by swampy ground. So we decided that we must make a choice of two courses—either return to Bune, dejected and disappointed, and probably to be chaffed off our heads by the garrison, or make a dash for it and gallop through Busseerutunge, which we knew was only half a mile long. The latter course being adopted, we dismounted, hauled our canvas horse-clothing from under our saddles, cut it up and tied our horses' hoofs in four folds of canvas, so that the pattering of their feet on the hard road might be muffled. Having done this, off we went, creeping up to within 400 yards of the town without being observed, and then we rode at a gallop. No sooner had we entered than we heard the challenge: "Who comes there?" but, taking no notice of this, we pressed our spurs into the horses' flanks, flying for life. Within two minutes after we passed the sentry who challenged us, hundreds of rebels turned out and began to fire from all sides; but the darkness of the night favored us, and we got through scot-free. After proceeding about half a mile we drew rein and dismounted to remove the bags from our horses' hoofs and to give the nags a breather. This halt was necessary, for we had 16 miles farther to go before we could reach Cawnpore, and the odds were we would have to make another dash for it through Onoa, a village about eight miles off. It was lucky for us in more ways than one that we did decide on this halt, as within a quarter of an hour we heard the enemy's cavalry coming down the road, evidently following us up. Off the road we went, and hid behind some high bushes, relying for safety on the darkness of the night and on the horses not neighing. The sensible creatures remained perfectly mute, and we had the satisfaction of hearing the enemy's

we could not see them—gallop on towards Cawnpore, shouting to each other: "We have them! They are not far ahead!" Fortunately we were not discovered, so again we had to decide what was to be done, knowing our awkward position between the rebels at Busseerutunge and those on the road to Cawnpore.

But we were bound to "face the music." After resting for an hour we proceeded, and got through Onoa without being in any way molested. Then at Munglewar, which was only eight miles from our destination, we were told by a native traveler from Cawnpore that a large body of rebel cavalry had passed through the town about an hour before, most of them squabbling with one another at the stupidity of allowing two Englishmen to outpace them and escape. He also added that he had seen them leave the road about half a mile off and make for a tope of trees. On hearing this Butler proposed that we should set off and ride as hard as we could for the banks of the Ganges opposite Cawnpore. But that would not do; as, if the rebels should see us (and it was very probable they would, as daylight was breaking), or if they overtook us (which they would do unless the horses were fresh), our end would not be far off. Therefore we made up our minds to proceed at a walk for the rest of the journey, and that in the event of being waylaid or chased we would sit down in our saddles and ride as we had never ridden before.

We got along unmolested within three miles of our destination, when at sunrise we heard numerous trumpet-calls on our left. "Ah! ah!" both of us exclaimed almost simultaneously; "so there you are! Well, you beggars, you shall ride for it. Our horses are fresh, and by the time you get into your saddles and form up we will have had a good start; and, if the worst comes to the worst, the odds are that all that can happen is that we may have to swim our horses across the Ganges." Away we went at a ripping gallop, and on came the rebel cavalry in hundreds. They chased us for over a mile, but never got within 300 yards; and they gave up the pursuit when the Cawnpore garrison, seeing the fix we were in, loosed off a few shells in the midst of them, making them retreat pretty sharp. On arrival at the banks of the Ganges we found a large flat-bottomed boat waiting for us with a party of armed men; and within a quarter of an hour were landed safe and sound at Cawnpore, where we were entertained for a week like kings.

It was considered by Sir John Inglis too risky to let us return to the Alum-Bagh alone; therefore we were ordered to await the departure of a convoy that was to leave for that place in a few days; so we had to stay. This week's absence made Gen. Outram decide that we had fallen into the hands of the enemy and been killed, which was the fate of nearly all those who were captured by the rebels. You can picture to yourself how we were welcomed on our return.

I cannot conclude without bringing to notice the heroic conduct of Sergt. Butler during the trying night we spent together, and also the fate of his poor horse. Butler was a very stout man, and when he began to ride fast, when chased by the cavalry, his weight began to tell on the animal. Butler felt this and said: "Ride on and save yourself; leave me to my fate. There is no need for both of us to be caught." But, thanks to a merciful Providence there was no necessity for this, as the game old horse seemed to waken up suddenly to the danger of falling behind, made a desperate effort and carried his rider safely to the Ganges. But, alas! the effort was too much for him and he died the next day.—Chambers' Journal.

WOMEN TEACHERS NERVOUS.

German Physiologists Find Large Proportion Seriously Affected—Fear Deterioration of Race.

Two eminent German physiologists, Dr. Rolf Wichmann and Dr. Adolf Birmann, have arrived at some instructive results from inquiries concerning the prevalence of bad sight and nervous disorders among women students and teachers. Forty-two per cent. of the women teachers have to wear glasses, as against ten among women not so employed, and 24 among male teachers.

Again, 40 per cent. of the female teachers are affected with nervous disorders, while among men similarly employed only 17 per cent. have nervous complaints. Long hours and ill-ventilated rooms are held to be the leading causes of these complaints among women, but the result of these investigations has given considerable encouragement to the growing opinion in Germany that general deterioration of the race must follow if women's employment be not carefully chosen.

SEE JOB SLIPPING AWAY.

Alpine Guides Declare Their Profession Will Soon Be Supplanted by Electric Railways.

The guides of the Alps are looking to the future with misgivings. They fear that, like Othello, their occupation will soon be gone.

On the Wetterhorn, the grim Alpine giant that has been the scene of so many awful accidents, which is to be conquered for good by the inevitable electric mountain railway, German experts and surveyors are busy marking out the best and safest route.

The guides say that soon, with railroads up the Jungfrau, Mont Blanc and Wetterhorn, their most remunerative occupation will be a thing of the past.

Where He May Be.

While at the pole will Commander Peary kindly see whether Pat Crowe is not hanging around there?

FLOWERS FOR THE HOME.

They Add Greatly to Its Attractiveness and Are Necessary for the Children.

Home should mean more than shelter. There are other needs than those of the body. To stifle the love of beauty is to cut off a part of life; to gratify it is to fulfill a legitimate demand of man's nature. Where better seek to develop beauty than in the home? Flowers add much to the brightness of the picture. Every home should have them. The farmer should not consider it beneath his dignity to aid in their care. The successful farmer does not hesitate to give time and expense to the betterment of his cattle and his hens. He should not hesitate to give time to the development of his children. Children need flowers. The early home surroundings mean much. No later experience can efface their influence from the after-life. They cannot be made too good, says the Southern Farm Magazine.

It is easy to grow flowers. If we think otherwise, it is because we have never tried or have tried to grow them in the wrong way. To hoe up a little patch in the sod and fill it in with "chip-dirt" or leaf-mold is not the way. Grass roots appreciate good living as well as flower roots and are far more assertive. Grown in this way results seldom repay the effort.

Flowers may be grown for two purposes, and the object should govern the method. They may be grown to cut, or they may be grown for their outdoor effect. These two purposes need not be wholly distinct, but are essentially different. If cut flowers are the principal object, grow them in the garden; they will thrive much better there. Then do not set off a single garden corner and make a fancy raised bed in which to confine them. Give them good, broad rows, running from end to end, where the wheelhoe can do the work of tillage. The rows should be at least three feet apart, unless it be for some very small plants, like candy-tuft and pansies. It is a great mistake to crowd them into closer rows, where they have no chance to develop their individuality.

If the soil is in condition to grow good onions or cabbage, no further trouble need be taken on the score of fertility. Only a very shallow mark is needed in sowing the seed of most kinds. Seed plentifully, cover lightly, then pack the soil vigorously with the hand or the hoe. Freshly turned soil is best, for then the seeds begin to take up moisture at once. The seed being sown, the care which should be given to an onion bed will do the rest. The wheelhoe should run often to preserve the loose surface mulch and guard against loss of moisture. Care should be taken that grass and weeds do not encroach upon the outside row. It will take more land to grow the flowers in this way, but what of it? There is land enough on the farm. Let the flowers take half the garden if they will.

HOUSEHOLD TALKS.

Odd Bits of Information for the Use of Uninitiated Housekeepers.

Bacon fat imparts a delicious flavor to chicken if used for basting or frying, says the New York Tribune.

Cattails dried and pulled apart, into down are said to make a capital filling for sofa pillows. This cattail down does not absorb dampness, neither does it grow mouldy.

Colored napery is allowable at breakfast and luncheon, but never at dinner. Little starch should be used in laundering white linen. A handsome monogram embroidered in white in one corner is all the ornamentation that is permissible on either tablecloth or napkins.

A professional cleaner says that the best method of cleansing lace curtains at home is to make a suds of warm water, white castile soap and a little borax. If the curtains are very dirty, scrub them gently with a soft scrubbing brush. Lace curtains should never be rubbed between the hands. This stretches the mesh and is very likely to tear holes in it. When quite clean rinse in clear water to which a little borax has been added, squeeze between the hands, but do not wring, and dry in a sheet.

Hardwood floors should not be washed. It is better to take equal parts of turpentine and crude oil and rub the floor well with a woolen cloth moistened with the mixture.

Tomato baskets are a pretty accessory for serving cucumbers in cubes, cold boiled beans, peas, asparagus tips, shredded celery, cold chicken, shrimps and various other things. Select firm, smooth and round tomatoes, as nearly of one size as possible. Peel carefully, cut a generous slice from the top of each, scoop out the seeds and pulp and season the cavity with oil, vinegar, salt and pepper. Then fill with vegetable salad, the chicken, shrimps or individual vegetables—whatever you wish. The filling should be seasoned with mayonnaise or in the same way as the cavities. Handles to the tomato baskets may be formed with little sprigs of watercress.

Medical Defense of Corsets.

The use of the corset is to transmit the pressure of the skirt bands to the hips and the ribs, and so to protect from their pressure the organs in the region of the waist. The conclusion is, that so long as skirt bands are fastened round the waist, corsets should be worn. They should be stiffer than usually made if they are effectively to protect the soft, middle portion of the body from the pressure of the waistband. The front should be quite straight and the waist measurement should be at least as large as the wearer's waist, measured over a single, soft garment. Fashion in corsets has of late made a motion in the right direction, in the straight, stiff front.—Medical Press and Circular.

TOOK RISK IN COUGHING.

Barber Used to Shaving Colorado Consumptives Always Gave Warning.

The man in the chair coughed suddenly and unexpectedly, states the Philadelphia Record. "Don't do that again," exclaimed the barber, with an unwarranted display of irritation. The man in the chair resented in somewhat lurid language this restriction of his personal liberty and intimated that he would cough whenever he felt like it. "All right, then, cough your head off, but don't blame me if I cut you," returned the barber. There was no more coughing, however, and the man in the chair made his escape without any injury. But, as he paid his check at the desk, he remarked to the boss barber:

"Say, you want to give some nerve tonic to the fellow who just shaved me?" "Oh, don't mind him," replied the boss. "He's from Colorado and he's used to shaving consumptives. He was telling me the other day that he's been in the business for over 20 years and has shaved everything from a 16-year-old boy to an octogenarian drunkard, but his new best trick on him when he drifted into Colorado Springs and started to shave the consumptives who hang out there. Ever since then a man with a cough gives him cold chills. Out there, he tells me, not a day goes by that some 'lunger' doesn't get a gasp in his throat while being shaved."

"I Found It So."

McCormick, Ill., Sept. 28th.—Miss Ethel Bradshaw, of this place, has written a letter which is remarkable for the character of the statements it contains. As her letter will be read with interest, and probably with profit by many women, it has been thought advisable to publish it in part. Among other things Miss Bradshaw says:—

"I had Kidney Trouble with the various unpleasant symptoms which always come with that disease, and I have found a cure. I would strongly advise all who may be suffering with any form of Kidney Complaint to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, a remedy which I have found to be entirely satisfactory. This remedy is within the reach of all and is all that it is recommended to be. I found it so, and I therefore feel it my duty to tell others about it."

Dr. Dunaway, of Benton, Ill., uses Dodd's Kidney Pills in his regular practice, and says they are the best medicine for Kidney Troubles. He claims they will cure Diabetes in the last stages.

Too Personal.

Moneybags.—How did your banquet go off, Bankrupt? Bankrupt.—Not as well as it might, you know. The toastmaster called on a gentleman who had lost an arm and a leg to answer to the toast of "Our Absent Members."—Stray Stories.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure, 25c.

"Papa," said little Tommy Taddells, "what is the game of authors?" "The game of authors," Tommy, replied Mr. Taddells, "is to sell their books."—Smart Set.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 222 Third Ave., N. Y., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

Sad Stranger.—"Laddy, do ye help a feller as lost ev'ry'thing in de storm o' las Sunday? I was drannin' I was weat'y and the wind waked me."—Baltimore American.

The Overland Limited, solid train Chicago to the Coast daily. Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line.

Obstinacy is ever most positive when it is most in the wrong.—Madam Necker.

The Chicago & North-Western is the only double track railway between Chicago and the Missouri River.

Half of wisdom is in being silent when you have nothing to say.—Ram's Horn.

No muss or failures made with Putnam Fadeless Dyes.

Poverty brings many strange landlords.—Chicago Daily News.

MARKET REPORT.

Cincinnati, Sept. 30.		
CATTLE—Common	\$2.00	@ 2 75
Heavy steers	4 25	@ 4 75
CALVES—Extra	6 25	@ 6 50
HOGS—Ch. packers	6 10	@ 6 25
Mixed packers	6 20	@ 6 25
SHEEP—Extra	3 15	@ 3 25
LAMBS—Extra	5 25	@ 5 35
FLOUR—Spring pat.	4 50	@ 4 90
WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@ 85 1/2
No. 3 winter		@ 83 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@ 48
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@ 37 1/2
RYE—No. 2		@ 62 1/2
HAY—No. 1 timothy.		@ 13 50
PORK—Clear family.		@ 13 95
LARD—Steam		@ 7 65
BUTTER—Ch. dairy.		@ 12 1/2
Choice creamery		@ 23 1/2
APPLES—Fancy	2 50	@ 2 75
POTATOES—Per bbl	2 00	@ 2 25
TOBACCO—New	3 50	@ 9 00
Old	5 50	@ 13 00
Chicago.		
FLOUR—Winter pat.	3 90	@ 4 10
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	76 1/2	@ 78
No. 3 spring	73	@ 75
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@ 45 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@ 35 1/2
RYE—No. 2		@ 58
PORK—Mess	11 80	@ 11 90
LARD—Steam	8 00	@ 8 25
New York.		
FLOUR—Win. str's.	3 75	@ 3 90
WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@ 82 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@ 53 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@ 41 1/2
RYE—Western		@ 61
PORK—Mess	14 00	@ 14 75
LARD—Steam	8 45	@ 8 50
Baltimore.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@ 79 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@ 51 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@ 40
CATTLE—Steers	5 00	@ 5 25
HOGS—Western		@ 7 00
Louisville.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@ 85
CORN—No. 3 mixed.		@ 51 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@ 38
PORK—Mess		@ 14 00
LARD—Steam		@ 8 75
Indianapolis.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@ 81 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@ 49
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@ 37

WORN OUT, DRAGGED OUT,

Are Most Women in Summer.—Pe-ru-na is a Tonic of Efficiency.



Mrs. Tressie Nelson.

JOSEPHINE MORRIS, 236 Carroll St., Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "Peruna is a fine medicine to take any time of the year, but I have found it especially helpful to withstand the wear and tear of the hot weather. I have taken it now for two summers and feel that it has kept my system free from malaria, and also kept me from having that worn-out, dragged out look which so many women have."

"I therefore have no hesitancy in saying that I think it is the finest tonic in the world."—Josephine Morris.

Peruna is frequently used as a mitigation of the effects of hot weather. What a bath is to the skin, Peruna is to the mucous membranes. Bathing keeps the skin healthy, Peruna makes the mucous membranes clean and healthy. With the skin and mucous membranes in good working order, hot weather can be withstood with very little suffering.

Frequent bathing with an occasional use of Peruna is sure to mitigate the horrors of hot weather. Many ladies

Mrs. Tressie Nelson, 422 Broad St., Nashville, Tenn., writes:

"As Peruna has done me a world of good, I feel in duty bound to tell of it, in hopes that it may meet the eye of some woman who has suffered as I have."

"For five years I really did not know what a perfectly well day was, and I did not have headache, I had backache or a pain somewhere and really life was not worth the effort I made to keep going."

"A good friend advised me to use Peruna and I was glad to try anything, and I am very pleased to say that six bottles made a new woman of me and I have no more pains and life looks bright again."—Mrs. Tressie Nelson.



have discovered that the depression of hot weather and the rigors they have been in the habit of attributing to malaria, quickly disappear when they use Peruna. This is why Peruna is so popular with them. Peruna provides clean mucous membranes, and the clean mucous membranes do the rest.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

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